

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

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STRANGE MURDER CASE.

Story of the Crime for Which a Young Lady is Now on Trial.

The trial of Lizzie Borden for the murder of her father and step-mother, now in progress in New Bedford, Mass., is one of the most remarkable of the age.

Mr. Borden and his wife were murdered on the morning of August 4, 1892, in their house, No. 92 Second street, Fall River. The crime was committed, it is supposed, between half-past ten and a quarter-past eleven o'clock. There were that morning in the house, which is in the heart of the city, five persons—Mr. Borden and his wife, Lizzie Borden, the servant, Bridget Sullivan, and John V. Morse, Lizzie's uncle.

Morse, who was the guest of the Borden family, left the house early and did not return until after the murders were discovered. Emma Borden, Lizzie's sister, was away on a visit to New Bedford. Thus it is known that at the time the murder was committed there were four persons in the house. Lizzie Borden and Bridget Sullivan are the only survivors, the other two having been Mr. Borden and his wife.

THE SERVANT GIRL'S STORY.

Mr. Borden, according to Bridget Sullivan's story, was in the room at half-past ten. He went to the dining-room, sat down and took a nap, and went upstairs by the back way. He returned in a few minutes, placed the key on a shelf and sat down in the sitting-room. Bridget says she remained down stairs until five minutes to eleven o'clock, when she went upstairs to lie down.

Bridget saw Lizzie Borden pass through the sitting room into the dining room carrying an ironing board a few minutes after Mr. Borden went into the sitting room. Bridget declares that all this time she did not know where Mrs. Borden was. Lizzie had told her Mrs. Borden had gone out or was preparing to go out.

The servant says she had been lying down only ten or fifteen minutes when Lizzie called her. Lizzie's voice told her that something had happened. She sprang from the bed and hurried down stairs. She says she found Lizzie leaning with her back against the back door. Lizzie, according to Bridget, said her father was dead. There is considerable dispute as to whether Bridget meant that Lizzie had said her father was hurt and not dead.

Lizzie hurried Bridget after Dr. Bowen, who lives diagonally across the street. Dr. Bowen was away from home, and when the frightened servant came back Lizzie sent her after Mrs. Russell, who lives in Borden street. When Bridget came back with Mrs. Russell, Dr. Bowen and Mrs. Churchill were in the house.

Mrs. Churchill and Bridget went up stairs to look for Mrs. Borden, who they believed had come in while they were down stairs. On the floor of the bedroom, between the bed and the bureau, they found Mrs. Borden's body. They rushed downstairs, and Mrs. Churchill told Dr. Bowen that Mrs. Borden had been murdered.

According to Bridget's testimony, when she went up stairs to lie down Mr. Borden was in the sitting room alive and well. From fifteen to twenty minutes later, that is, at from five minutes before eleven to fifteen minutes after eleven, he was lying dead, with about a dozen cuts, made by an axe or hatchet, on his head and face.

THE ACCUSED GIRL'S STORY.

When Lizzie Borden was called upon to testify she said her father complained of being ill and lay on the sofa. She adjusted the pillows for him. She was preparing to do some ironing, and as her flat-irons were not hot enough she went into the barnyard to pass the time she would have to wait before she could use them.

In the yard she picked up some pebbles that had fallen from the trees. Then she went into the barn for sinkers for her fish line, as she intended to go to Marion the next day to fish.

She knew there were sinkers in a little box up stairs in the barn and she went there to get them. That was the first time in three months she had been in the barn. Up stairs in the barn she ate four pebbles, and after looking for the sinkers returned to the house.

When she got there she found her father murdered and summoned Bridget.

The heads and faces of Mr. and Mrs. Borden were so chopped and hacked that they were beaten almost out of human resemblance. If Lizzie is guilty she must have killed her father within twenty minutes and then appeared before her neighbors without a spot of blood on her clothing and without any sign that she had hastily adjusted her dress. In that time also she must have concealed so effectively that it has never been found the bloody weapon with which the deed was committed, and she also disposed of every scrap of direct evidence that would connect her with the crime.

Lizzie Borden wore a blue dress when the neighbors entered the house and found her father and step-mother murdered. She wore a blue dress about the house in the morning. In two rooms blood from the murdered ones had splattered and spattered over everything for many feet around the dead bodies.

In the minds of the authorities there never was doubt that the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Borden was smeared and splashed with blood. With the exception of a single drop of blood the size of a pin head on her white undershirt, not a speck of blood was found on the clothing Lizzie wore before or after the murder.

THEORIES OF THE CRIME.

A lot of theorizing has been done to try to justify the suspicion that Lizzie killed her parents. One suggestion is that she stripped herself, and another that she covered herself with a long rubber garment that protected her clothing. Rumors have been heard in Fall River that witnesses have been found who will testify at the trial that from the street they saw Lizzie at the window of the room where Mrs. Borden's body was found and that she wore what looked like a hooded water-proof.

It is regarded, however, as almost impossible for Lizzie to have completely destroyed such a garment in so short a time. The time of the death of Mrs. Borden cannot be fixed so closely as that of Mr. Borden. It is the opinion of medical experts in Boston who examined the stomachs of the murdered pair that Mrs. Borden was killed from an hour to an hour and a half before her husband.

That being the case, and Lizzie the murderer, she must have killed her step-mother about ten o'clock and spent the interval between that hour and the time she killed her father in calmly attending to her household duties. Bridget testified that during this period Lizzie chatted and joked with her.

It was very plain that the murders were not done for money, for not a penny nor an article of value was missed from the house. Mr. Borden wore a watch and there was a large sum of money in his pockets, but neither was touched. Nothing in Mrs. Borden's room was found out of order, and none of her jewelry was taken.

Hatchet Found.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 15.—It is reported here to-day on good authority that the hatchet with which the Borden family was killed was found by some boys hunting for a ball under the Crowes barn, near the Borden premises. The police have it in their possession and it is considered as important evidence in the trial.

LATER—The Borden hatchet was found on the roof of the barn and not under it.

STILL LATER—The testimony regarding the prussic acid was ruled out this morning. This is considered a big victory for Lizzie.

The prosecution closed at 10:25 a. m. and the defense opened.

His Hair Becomes Red Hot.

Charles Burson, an employee at the mills of the Andrews Brothers Company, has developed into a veritable curiosity. His hair is naturally white, but after working in the mills a few hours and becoming heated it turns a brilliant red. When Burson leaves the mill and cools off his hair resumes its natural color.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rooster," a lamp with the light of the morning. For Catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

Subscribe to the Edgefield Advertiser.

AN EDGEFIELD BOY Writes a Long and Newsy Letter from Georgia.

Mr. Editor: This place, Lyons, Ga., is situated between the Ochopee river on the east, Altamaha river on the south, Ocmulgee river on the west, and Swift and Pendleton creeks on the north, thus giving us plenty of water power for rafting timbers to the sea coast, and for milling purposes. And of fish there is no end. This is also a splendid stock-raising country owing to the abundance of water and grass. Although the country is well stocked with timber, the grass seems to flourish and grow as well as if there was not a tree for miles. Another thing I have noticed since my stay here is that there is no pine straw or "needles" under the trees. Where they go is a mystery to me. Why in Edgefield if you go under a pine tree you can rake up enough to cover a good sized Irish potato patch, but here it is quite different, I suppose they shed very little and then the wind blows that away. The cattle here are not used to grazing as ours in Edgefield. I notice that here they eat all the time, but it seems to me our cattle at home hunt the shade at noon. I suppose this can be accounted for, because at home the cows hunt the shade, and here they are in the shade all the time as the timber is very thick. The greatest trouble about stock here is the no stock law; cattle are branded or marked and turned loose in the spring. About middle summer you can see the cattlemen riding around penning the sheep for shearing. October and November they get up the hogs they intend killing for winter and the next year and feed them on slops and corn. In the fall they sell all the cattle they cannot afford to keep during winter.

This is a busy place. Since last writing we have a barrel factory and two saw-mills, one with an average of two car-loads of lumber per day since completion. The barrel factory I am sorry to say is not doing much. We had quite a revival meeting a few weeks since, lasting ten days, crowned with rich blessings and the saving of souls almost as hard as stone.

I never saw more earnest work in my life. Rev. Mr. Smith from North Carolina gave us two sermons a day for ten days, taking all his texts from the Revelations of St. John the beloved disciple of our Savior. He explained the Revelations and the second coming of Christ, and the binding of Satan 1000 years. These sermons seemed to take, and evidently worked heavy on the hearers from the number of converts. On the last day of service there were five hundred people, more or less. They could not begin to get into the church. Our good brother Smith gave all the sinners warning and asked them to meet him at the gate that swings from now to never, and for all those who wished to meet him in heaven to come forward and give him their hand, and he would pray unceasingly for them. There were few dry eyes in the crowd. Oh, how we all did hate to see him leave us.

Rev. Mr. Smith has been preaching for twenty-five years, more or less, and has a splendid delivery. He seldom if ever warbles or gets tangled or stalled, as I have seen some preachers do. He says he prays God to make him speak the words he would have him speak, and he doesn't consult his commentators, and that for his sermons; he will give the different commentators ideas and then give his own.

I must tell you of one of the most romantic marriages on record in the annals of time in Lyons, Tattnall county, Ga. While the "big revival" was going on, there was a couple boarded the West Bound passenger train at Ochopee, Ga., a station on the Central R. R., ten miles below Lyons. On arrival at Lyons off they hopped, and the boy asked where he could get a preacher. This little word let the cat out of the bag. Some one conducted the couple over to the hotel and there he found four preachers. Wasn't he in luck? But the preachers wouldn't marry them right away, they concluded to wait until half-past two p. m., as by that time services would be over at church and all could see the knot tied.

To think they would have to wait four hours longer. Oh wasn't

Chased by a Ball of Fire.

Baltimore American. During a thunder storm yesterday afternoon lightning entered a second story window of the residence of Harry Powell, corner of George street and Boundary avenue. Mrs. Powell had just closed a window and started across the room, when a ball of fire flew through another window that had been left open. It struck the floor within two feet of the lady, then bounded up and exploded, filling the room with smoke. Mr. Powell, who was lying in the adjoining room and was looking at his wife at the time, saw her enveloped in smoke and apparent flame. Fortunately, however, Mrs. Powell escaped injury. After the ball of fire struck the floor, ripping up the carpet, the bolt entered the chimney at the upper corner of the register, knocking through the flue.

Baptised After Death.

A peculiar story comes from the vicinity of Eagle Cliff in upper Walker county, Ga. Several weeks ago a citizen of that community, J. W. Massey, was very ill with fever. He wanted to be baptized and, as this could not be done during his illness, he requested that as soon as he died his body be immersed. He said he had neglected it during his life time and wanted his dead body baptized as a lesson of warning to the living.

A few days ago he died and on the day of the funeral at Hixon's Grove Rev. W. J. Drennon immersed the dead body in the presence of a large crowd of people. The body was then put back into the coffin and laid to rest in the graveyard.

AN OUTSPOKEN CRITIC.

The Administration of Mr. Cleveland Censured by Ex-Congressman Tillman.

Augusta Chronicle.

Ex-Congressman George D. Tillman, of South Carolina, does not claim to be an original Cleveland man. He prides himself, however, on being the original apostle of free and unlimited coinage of silver in his native State, and the original anti-Cleveland man. "Uncle George," as he is endearingly called by his old constituents, is a very entertaining talker, and a sharp critic. He hews to the line as he sees it, and lets the chips fall where they may. His honest adherence to convictions, whether popular or not, is responsible for the fact that his seat in Congress was a less able man. "Uncle George" was in town yesterday and, as usual, had some interesting things to say. He is a strong advocate of the income tax. "Of course," he said, "there is no reason in law or equity why an income tax should not be passed by the next Congress. It is the most equitable and righteous tax that can be levied, for it makes men pay in accordance with the protection they receive for their great property, and in accordance with their ability to pay. If the income tax was now in force just as it was when repealed in 1870 it would bring in an annual revenue of two hundred millions, and only five men out of every one hundred would have to pay any of it. A law that is fair and honest and will bring in that amount of revenue, while calling on only five men in a hundred to pay it is bound to be mighty popular with the people. But don't you fool yourself into believing that Cleveland will favor such a law. It will not."

More About

Lyons, Ga.

Wants Names and Presence.

Governor Tillman has received the following unique communication, which is given just as it was written:

June the 4 Day 1893

hon Gunner tillman I rite you a few lines to inform you ove the great wondir that hapened in our country our neighbors wife has given burth to fore fine boys in Six ous and we rite to you for names for these boys for we bleave with that names you will send them a present remember this man is a fool bluded reformersman he Declares the names that give the bigst present wai I will close for present I hope to hear from you sune Direct your letter to—Cleveland Co N. C.

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Referring to a recent article in the American Times-Recorder, which was taken as reflecting the views of Speaker Crisp, and in which a fluctuating ratio between gold and silver was advocated, Colonel Tillman said: "Crisp was elected on the free silver issue, and it is the only issue that can be re-elected him. If he goes to wabbling now and advocating any twenty to one ratio it will, and ought to beat him. Free coinage at twenty to one is no free coinage at all. Sixteen to one is the correct standard and there it will stay. This talk about parity is all hocus-pocus. It has as many aspects as the facets of a diamond, and shines one way here and another way there, and still another there."

When asked if the repeal of the Sherman law was the first duty of Congress on reassembling, he declared emphatically, "No!" and said the "silver men would fill the buster until the crack of doom before they would ever consent to its repeal until the free and unlimited coinage of silver was adopted. That is the first thing for Congress to do. The passage of a bill providing for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at sixteen to one will be equivalent to the repeal of the Sherman act, and the silver men will never consent to anything else."

When asked what he thought of the assertion that the payment of silver instead of gold for the treasury notes issued to purchase silver under the Sherman act would produce a financial panic he declared it was all "stuff"; the only effect would be to appreciate silver and depreciate gold. Mr. Cleveland is not following the Sherman law in paying only gold, for it provides that the payment shall be in coin, and there is no reason for paying only gold. There is not

enough gold in the world to make it the only money coin, and Bismarck once said that trying to make gold the business of the world was like two f' en trying to cover up with one little blanket.

The people of this country will never consent to anything but the use of both metals, and Mr. Cleveland will never force the country to his way of thinking. Lord Burleigh said 'liberty would never perish until the law-making power became more corrupt than the executive,' and it is the wisest maxim of the ages. We now see the executive using its patronage to influence the legislation of the country along lines in accordance with his views and influencing with office the honest opinions and consciences of men."

Our Carolina friend is frank and fearless in speaking his mind, and is a most entertaining talker, and forceful thinker. He believes what he says, and is always ready to say what he believes. He is not alone in his views; there are people all over this country who think just as he has expressed himself, but we are disposed to believe their's is an extreme view. We endorse cordially all that he says on the silver question and the proper course for Congress to pursue; but though we have never been one of the Cleveland worshippers we are disposed to accord him honesty of purpose, and to believe that he will favor legislation in accordance with the platform of the party on which he was elected. The people of the country will submit to nothing less, and it will be suicidal for the party to fail to carry out its pledges to the people. We prefer to believe that the administration purposes to secure the legislation needed to carry out the platform and we shall so maintain

United States of America.

Prescott (Ariz) Courier.

J. H. Lee came in yesterday from the American ranch, west of Prescott, and related a strange story. In the mountain crags near the ranch several families of American eagles have for years reared their fearless brood, and have, in the main, been unmolested, their chief prey being snakes and other reptiles unwelcome to man. In the same section a species of snake, known herabouts as the whip-snake, is also common. These snakes are of the long, slim variety, seldom larger than a good-sized walking stick, but ranging in length all the way from four to ten feet. They are not considered poisonous, but, like the boa-constrictor species, wind around their prey and crush it, and their squeezing powers are said to be somewhat wonderful. So swift are these snakes that they disappear, unharmed, when struck at with a stick, like the shadow of a flying bird.

A few days ago Mr. Lee's sons were hunting through the forest near the ranch when they saw a great eagle, which was sailing in the air, suddenly dart to the earth, heard a flutter in the brush, a piercing scream, and the bird rose above the pine tops, an unusually long whip snake dangling from his beak. The eagle held the snake just behind the head and rose rapidly. The snake seemed to be making ineffectual efforts to draw its dangling body up to coil around the eagle. The eagle was soon in midair and the snake could not be seen, but it was evident that a mortal combat was taking place, for the bird would rise and fall and emit occasional screams, as if in pain, and in a few minutes was seen rapidly descending earthward, turning over and over in his flight and flapping one wing vigorously, the other seeming to be held out stationary. But nothing could be seen of the snake. The bird struck the ground with somewhat of a thud near the boys, who hurried to the place, where they found the eagle with a death grip on the snake just back of the reptile's head, while the snake had coiled round and round its assailant's body, crushing the bird all out of shape and breaking one wing entirely.

The boys killed and unwound the snake, while the dogs went for the eagle and soon killed it, not, however, before the bird had almost torn the nose from one of the dogs with his beak.

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HOW THEY DO IN TEXAS.

Democracy vs. Populist—A High Jinks Orator.

"I heard a political speech down in Texas last fall," said A. R. Gaines, of that State, to a reporter of The Washington Post, "that would have impressed our eastern cities with the belief that all the Depews, Choates and Tom Reeds are born east of the Mississippi. I was in the Northern Rio Grande country, a wild sparsely settled section of the State, and ran into a little town of about two hundred people. There was to be a grand political rally and joint debate. The first speaker was a fair talker, a Populist. He gave us an hour or so of talk on oppression, monopoly, etc., and then a Democrat took the platform. He knew no statistics; he scorned figures, facts, and argument. He rolled up his sleeves, pulled off his hat and began hammering with his fist.

"Gentlemen of the great State of Texas, are you aware of who's been talkin' slush about the great party ever God created bein' in cahoots with robbers en thieves en such fur one solid hour? An outlaw from Missouri that dassent show his yaller hide in the town whar he wuz born—a man that fur a \$5 bill would swear that he wuz a bosom friend of George Washington; that the father of his kentry kept a slaughter house in the San Pecos valley, and would then turn right round, go to Mount Vernon and dig up his bones an' use 'em fur fertilizers. An' his party! Why, gentlemen of the great State of Texas, that little handful of one-gutted bellyachers called Populists no more compares with the mighty hosts that fight under the flag of eternal Democracy than the feeble glow of a lightning bug compares to the glorious sun."

It Costs You Nothing.

We are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements by which we are prepared to supply free to each of our subscribers a year's subscription to that well known monthly home and farm Journal, the American Farmer, published at Springfield and Cleveland, Ohio. We make this offer to each of our subscribers who will pay up all arrears on subscription and one year in advance, and to all new subscribers paying one year in advance. The American Farmer is strictly National in its character. It is a high-class illustrated journal filled with entertaining and instructive reading matter, containing each month much information that is invaluable to agriculturists and of special interest to each member of every home. It is suited to all localities, being National in its make and character, thus meeting with favor in all localities. It is strictly non-political and non-sectarian. It has a trained corps of contributors and is carefully edited. The various departments of Farm, Horticulture, Sheep and Swine, The Home, The Horse and the Dairy, are filled with bright and useful matter. The readers of the American Farmer are universal in its praise and look for its monthly visits with keen anticipation.

United States of America. Prescott (Ariz) Courier. J. H. Lee came in yesterday from the American ranch, west of Prescott, and related a strange story. In the mountain crags near the ranch several families of American eagles have for years reared their fearless brood, and have, in the main, been unmolested, their chief prey being snakes and other reptiles unwelcome to man. In the same section a species of snake, known herabouts as the whip-snake, is also common. These snakes are of the long, slim variety, seldom larger than a good-sized walking stick, but ranging in length all the way from four to ten feet. They are not considered poisonous, but, like the boa-constrictor species, wind around their prey and crush it, and their squeezing powers are said to be somewhat wonderful. So swift are these snakes that they disappear, unharmed, when struck at with a stick, like the shadow of a flying bird. A few days ago Mr. Lee's sons were hunting through the forest near the ranch when they saw a great eagle, which was sailing in the air, suddenly dart to the earth, heard a flutter in the brush, a piercing scream, and the bird rose above the pine tops, an unusually long whip snake dangling from his beak. The eagle held the snake just behind the head and rose rapidly. The snake seemed to be making ineffectual efforts to draw its dangling body up to coil around the eagle. The eagle was soon in midair and the snake could not be seen, but it was evident that a mortal combat was taking place, for the bird would rise and fall and emit occasional screams, as if in pain, and in a few minutes was seen rapidly descending earthward, turning over and over in his flight and flapping one wing vigorously, the other seeming to be held out stationary. But nothing could be seen of the snake. The bird struck the ground with somewhat of a thud near the boys, who hurried to the place, where they found the eagle with a death grip on the snake just back of the reptile's head, while the snake had coiled round and round its assailant's body, crushing the bird all out of shape and breaking one wing entirely. The boys killed and unwound the snake, while the dogs went for the eagle and soon killed it, not, however, before the bird had almost torn the nose from one of the dogs with his beak.

enough gold in the world to make it the only money coin, and Bismarck once said that trying to make gold the business of the world was like two f' en trying to cover up with one little blanket. The people of this country will never consent to anything but the use of both metals, and Mr. Cleveland will never force the country to his way of thinking. Lord Burleigh said 'liberty would never perish until the law-making power became more corrupt than the executive,' and it is the wisest maxim of the ages. We now see the executive using its patronage to influence the legislation of the country along lines in accordance with his views and influencing with office the honest opinions and consciences of men."

Our Carolina friend is frank and fearless in speaking his mind, and is a most entertaining talker, and forceful thinker. He believes what he says, and is always ready to say what he believes. He is not alone in his views; there are people all over this country who think just as he has expressed himself, but we are disposed to believe their's is an extreme view. We endorse cordially all that he says on the silver question and the proper course for Congress to pursue; but though we have never been one of the Cleveland worshippers we are disposed to accord him honesty of purpose, and to believe that he will favor legislation in accordance with the platform of the party on which he was elected. The people of the country will submit to nothing less, and it will be suicidal for the party to fail to carry out its pledges to the people. We prefer to believe that the administration purposes to secure the legislation needed to carry out the platform and we shall so maintain

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